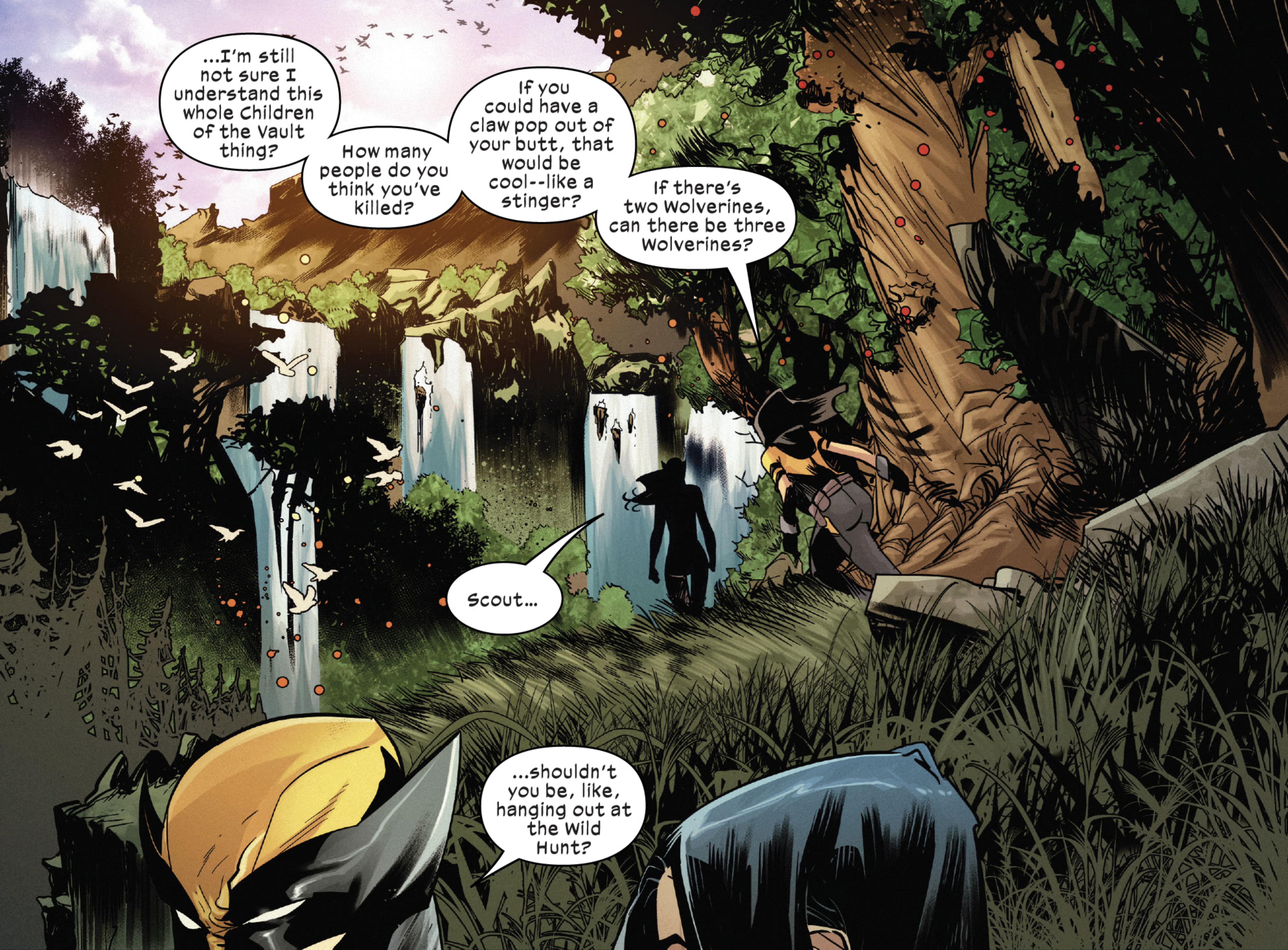


BENJAMIN PERCY • FEDERICO VICENTINI • DIJJO LIMA

X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #10 SEIN 7 X





...I'm still not sure I understand this whole Children of the Vault thing?

How many people do you think you've killed?

If you could have a claw pop out of your butt, that would be cool--like a stinger?

If there's two Wolverines, can there be three Wolverines?

Scout...

...shouldn't you be, like, hanging out at the Wild Hunt?

But I want to hang out with you, Laura.



I need to get back to the Treehouse.

But...



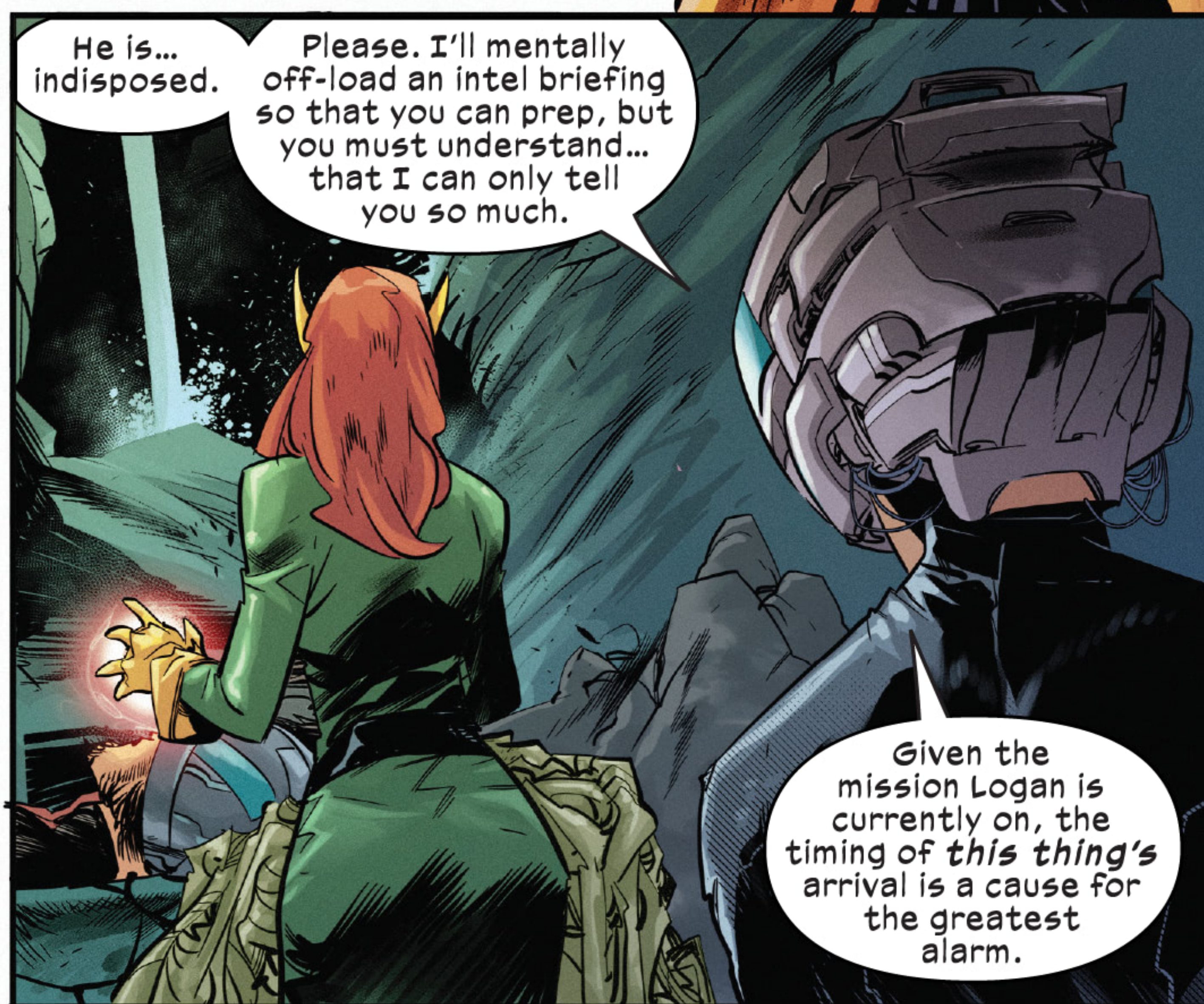
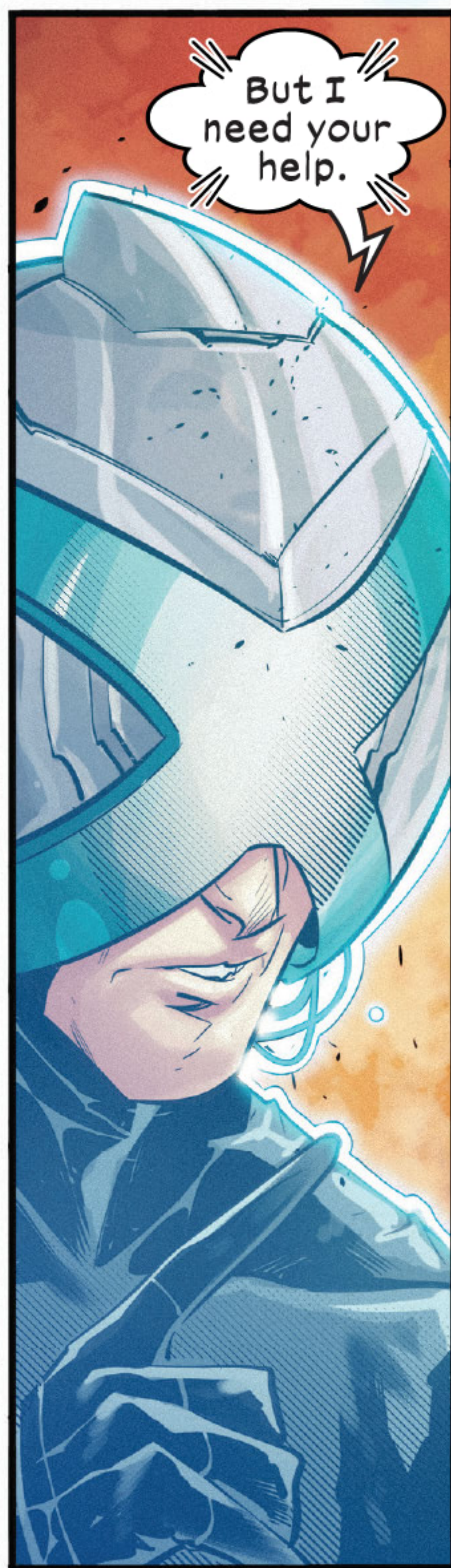
~sigh~



Wolverine...

SNIKT

SNIKT





Everything hangs in the balance.

And who better to send in pursuit of a Wolverine...than a Wolverine?



Raaaaa!



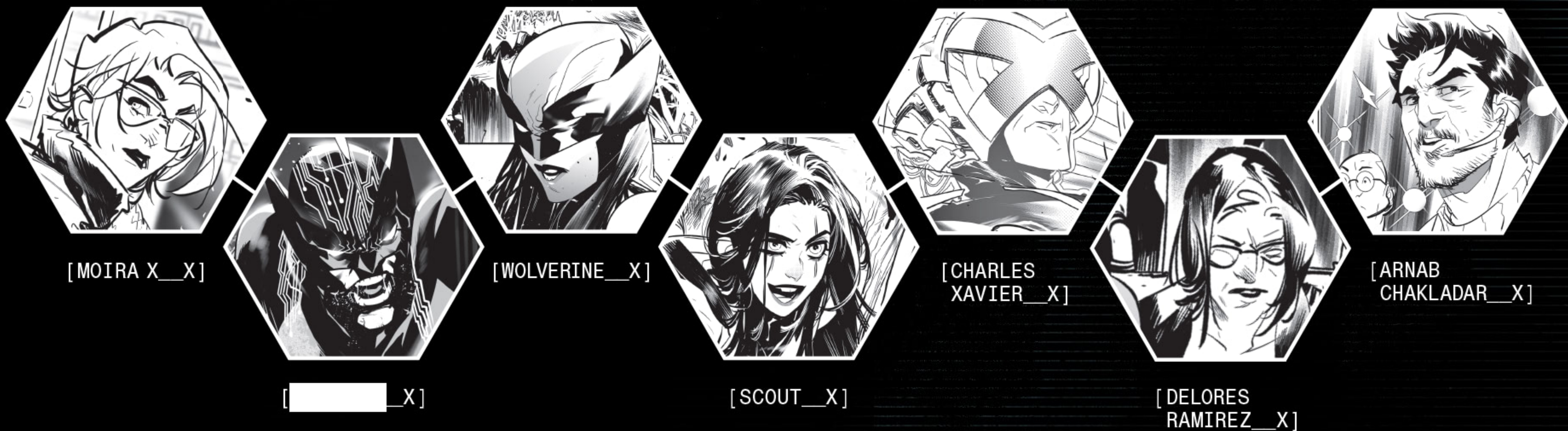
I think you *meant* to say...

...**WOLVERINES!**

DO OR DIE

Expelled from her secret home on Krakoa, Moira MacTaggert was stripped of her mutant ability to resurrect and left to flee for her life. Long presumed dead, her sudden reappearance made her a person of interest to Delores Ramirez on the C.I.A.'s X-Desk, who has aggressively pursued her across the country.

Meanwhile, another figure has joined the hunt, looking to all the world like the currently time-traveling Wolverine. Narrowly evading capture, and now diagnosed with stage four cancer, Moira is desperately seeking help wherever she can find it, to make the most of her one life left to live...



DEATH OF WOLVERINE

X_3

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BENJAMIN PERCY.....[WRITER]
FEDERICO VICENTINI.....[ARTIST]
DIJJO LIMA.....[COLOR ARTIST]
VC's CORY PETIT.....[LETTERER & DESIGN]
TOM MULLER.....[DESIGN]

ADAM KUBERT & FRANK MARTIN.....[COVER ARTISTS]
MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL & ROMULO FAJARDO JR. [TRADING CARD]; JOHN CASSADAY & LAURA MARTIN [DEATH OF]; INHYUK LEE [OMEGA SPOILER]; DAVID NAKAYAMA [ANIME]; CHRISTIAN WARD...[VARIANT COVER ARTISTS]

JAY BOWEN.....[PRODUCTION & ADDITIONAL DESIGN]
DREW BAUMGARTNER.....[ASSISTANT EDITOR]
MARK BASSO.....[EDITOR]
JORDAN D. WHITE.....[SENIOR EDITOR]
C.B. CEBULSKI.....[EDITOR IN CHIEF]

Epiphany Campus.
Mountain View, California.

How
long until we
launch?

Three minutes,
Mr. Chakladar.

Did you
put royal jelly
honey in the
tea?

Of
course.

Arnab
Chakladar?

Delores
Ramirez. C.I.A.
We'd like you to
come with us.

To come
with you? *NOW?*
As I'm about to
launch our new
line?

With
more than
five million people
watching the
livestream?

I
think
not.

I'm sorry,
but Mr. Chakladar
will be taking the stage.
To back out right now
could potentially cost
our stockholders
millions.

We've
received a tip
that you've been
targeted. I'm
afraid I must
insist--

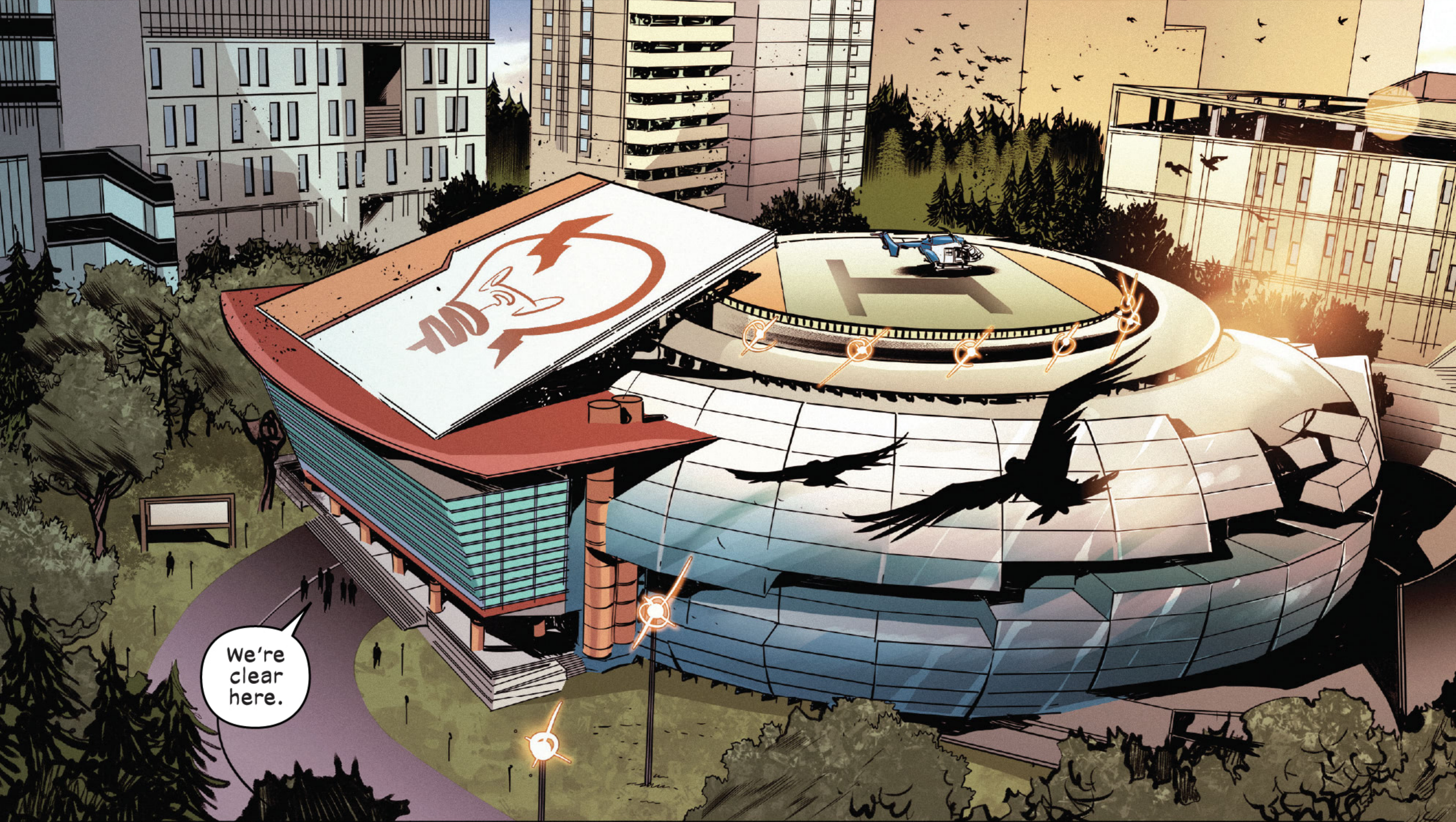
No.

It is *I*
who must
insist.



\$%&@.

All units--
report.



We're
clear
here.



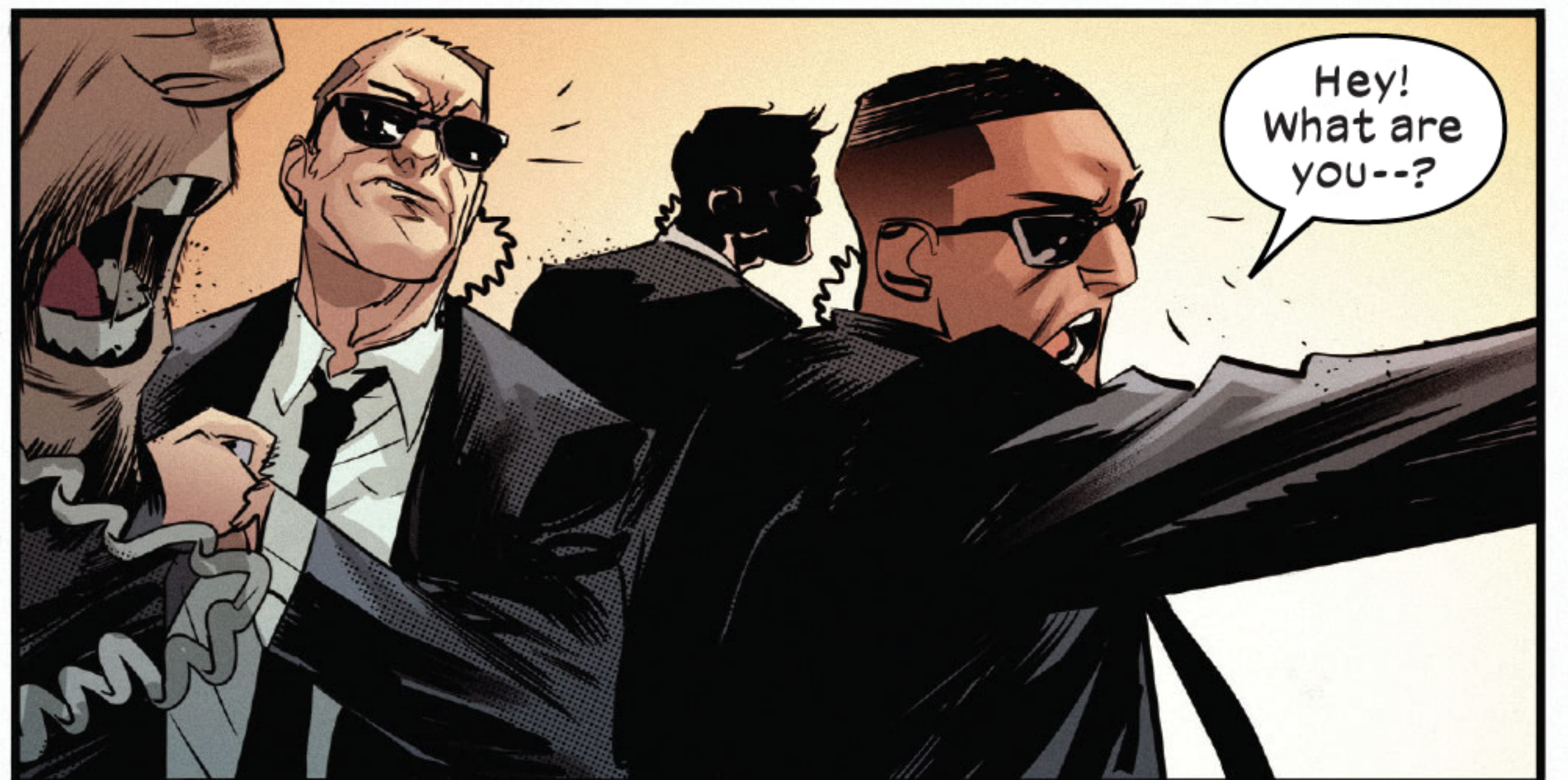
Looks like
our call for
police backup
has arrived
as well.

Make sure
they all get
photos of Moira
MacTaggart.

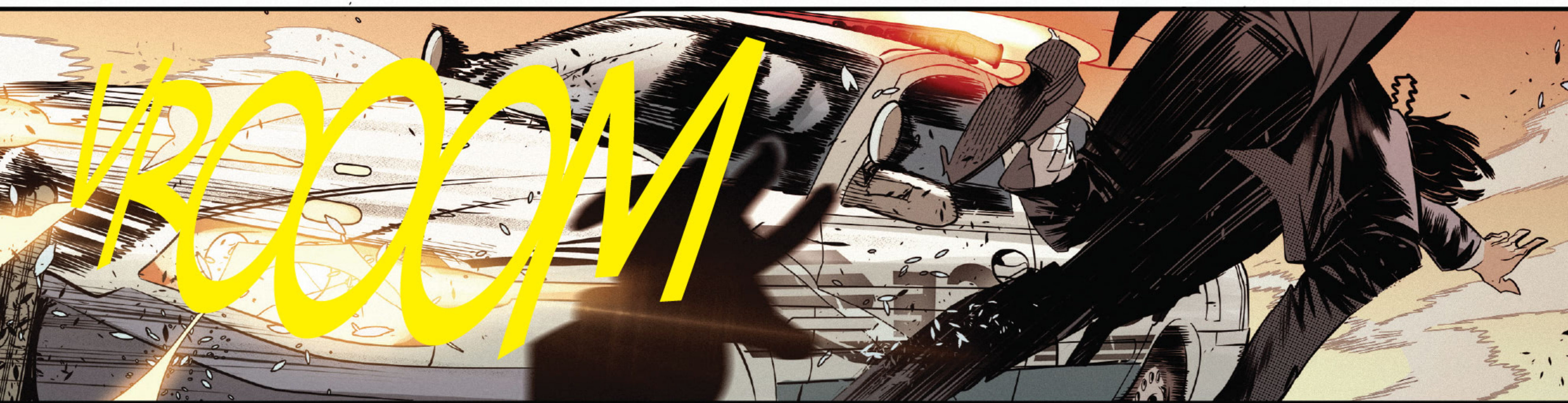


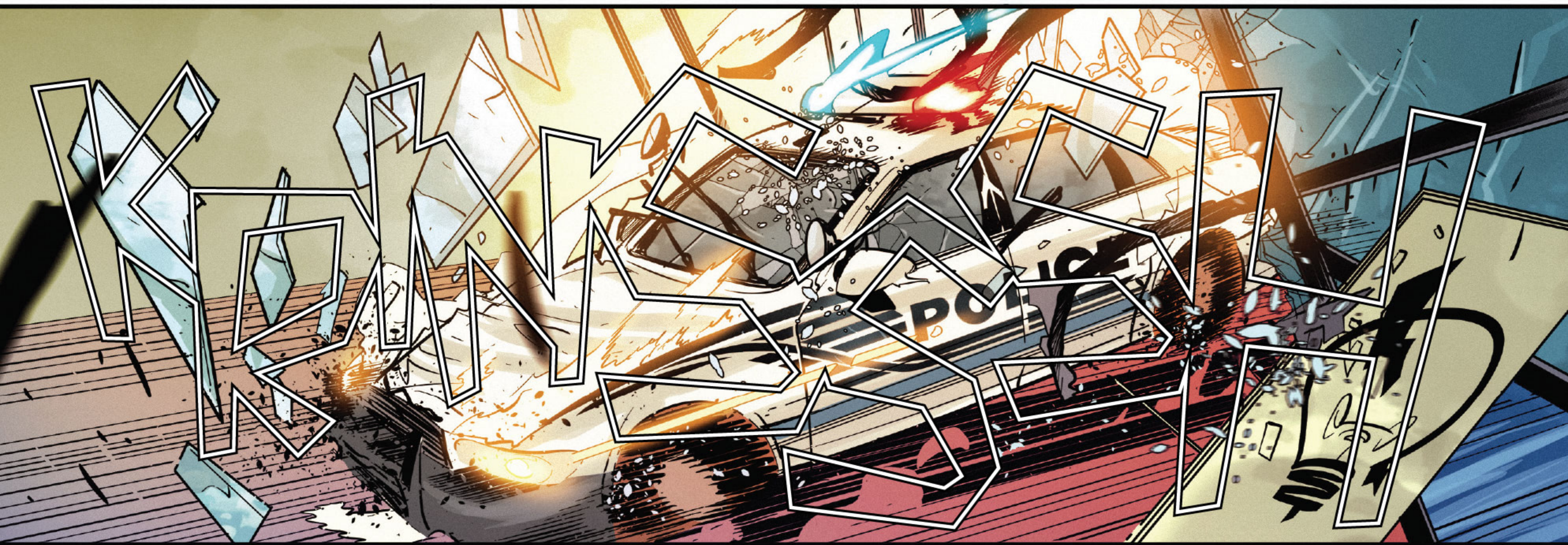
She must be
apprehended
alive.

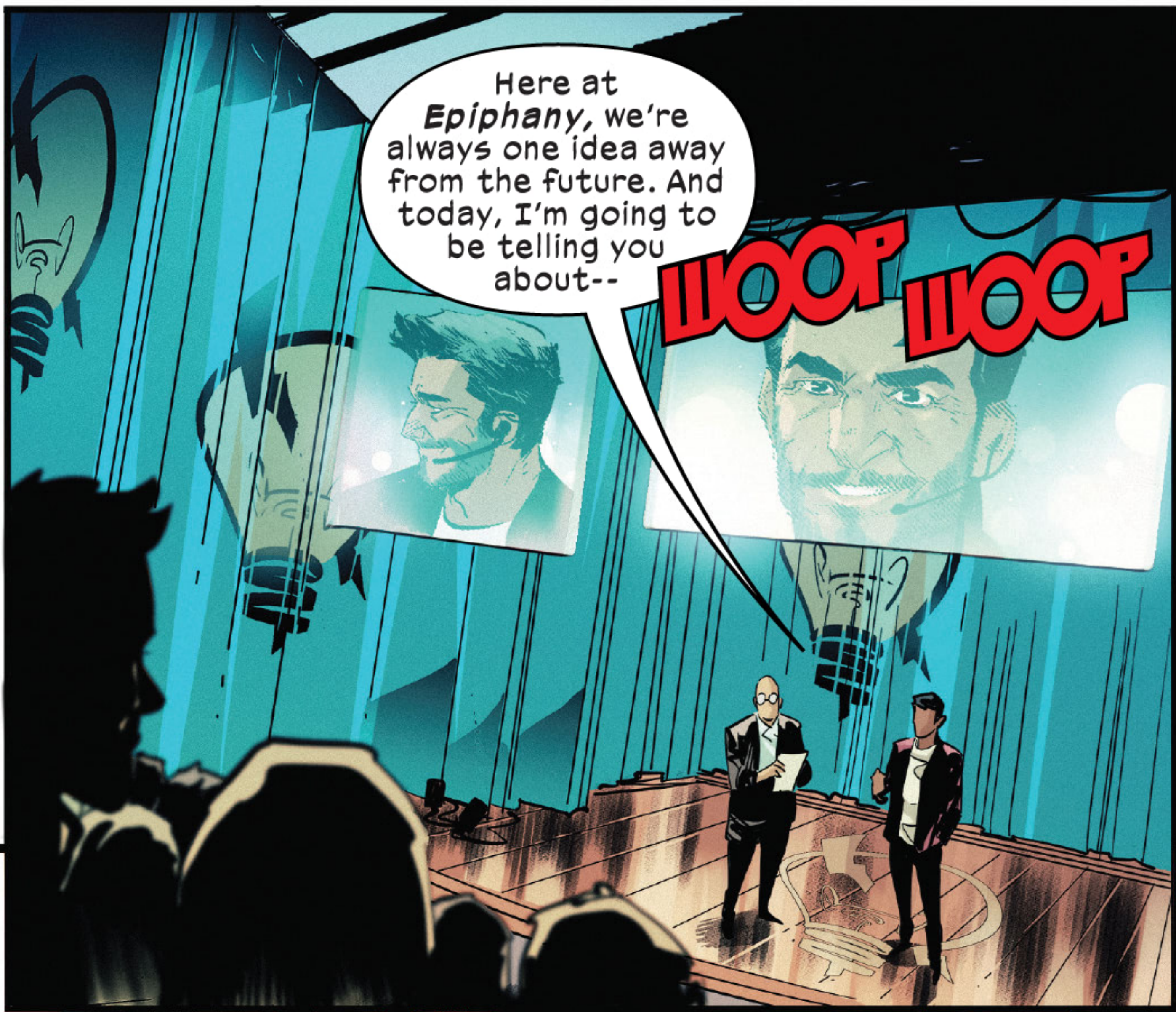
Geez, he's
really clipping
along.



Hey!
What are
you--?









When I spotted Wolverine at the motel...when I observed the Phalanx patterning in his costume and claws...

...I knew what he was--what *it* was.

My history is the future, after all.



The mutants have failed every time--against the humans, against A.I.--and every time, I've bailed them out.

But something has changed.



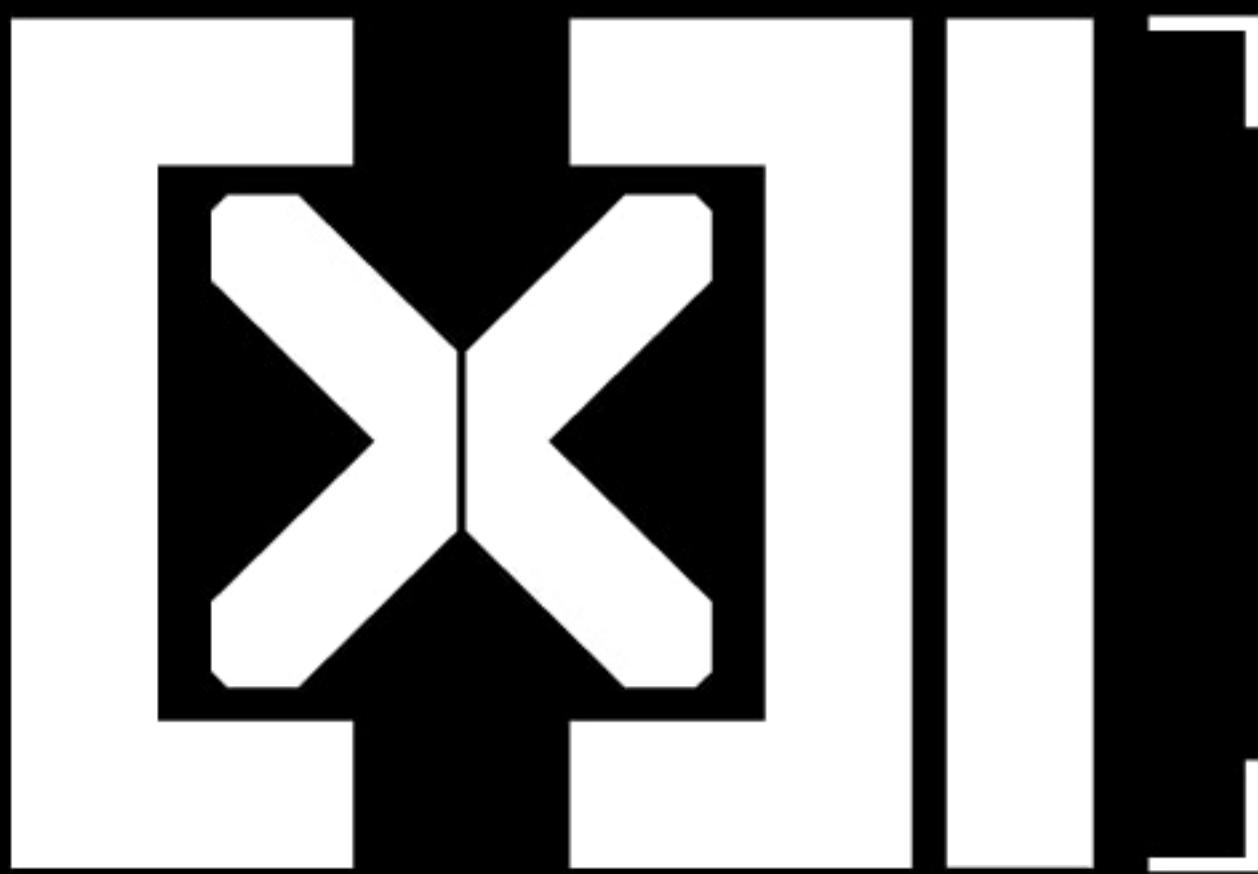
I'm no longer their savior.

I'm their Judas.



They've sent an assassin from the future to end me, which must mean I'm responsible for *ending* them.

Maybe this sounds crazy, but it gives me *hope*.



TOP SECRET – EYES ONLY ACCESS

FROM : DELORES RAMIREZ ON THE X-DESK
TO: ALL POINTS
SUBJECT: MOIRA MacTAGGERT

Status: Presumed ~~dead~~

Fugitive of Krakoa (actively seeking)

Surveillance logbook: First contact: McCarthy Medical Institute, New York
Second (last) contact: Woodland Center Mall, New Jersey

Facial recognition software <activated>

<<social media feeds, cell phone cameras, government and private security cameras>>
...searching...
...searching...
...searching...

:::Flagged for priority: Recent activity:::
Video capture (99.99% positive identification) Moira MacTaggert

Location: Mountain View, California/Epiphany Headquarters/Chakladar Theater

Comments: She is seen walking up to a security camera, pulling back her hood and staring into it for a good minute. This awareness indicates she knows she is being watched/pursued. But who does she want to know? The mutants? Or us? She is no doubt laying some sort of bait/trap, so all activated units should be on high alert.

Mission: Capture and detain for interrogation.

North of
San Francisco.

If the mutants are still
coming for me--a hundred
years from now, a
thousand years from
now--that means
I'm on the right path.

But I had been careless online.
Even with the TOR browser,
even with the VPN transfers
cloaking my activity...

...when this...
Omega Wolverine
tapped into the
router, he knew where
I was headed next.

To hunt down
the tech mogul
Arnab Chakladar.

Rather than attempt
to beat him to the target,
I leaked intel to the C.I.A.

I couldn't
fight them
both, but
if I turned
my enemies
loose on
each other,
if I pitted
one war
machine
against
another...

...maybe
I had a
chance.

Now I have
Chakladar
to myself.

BLINC

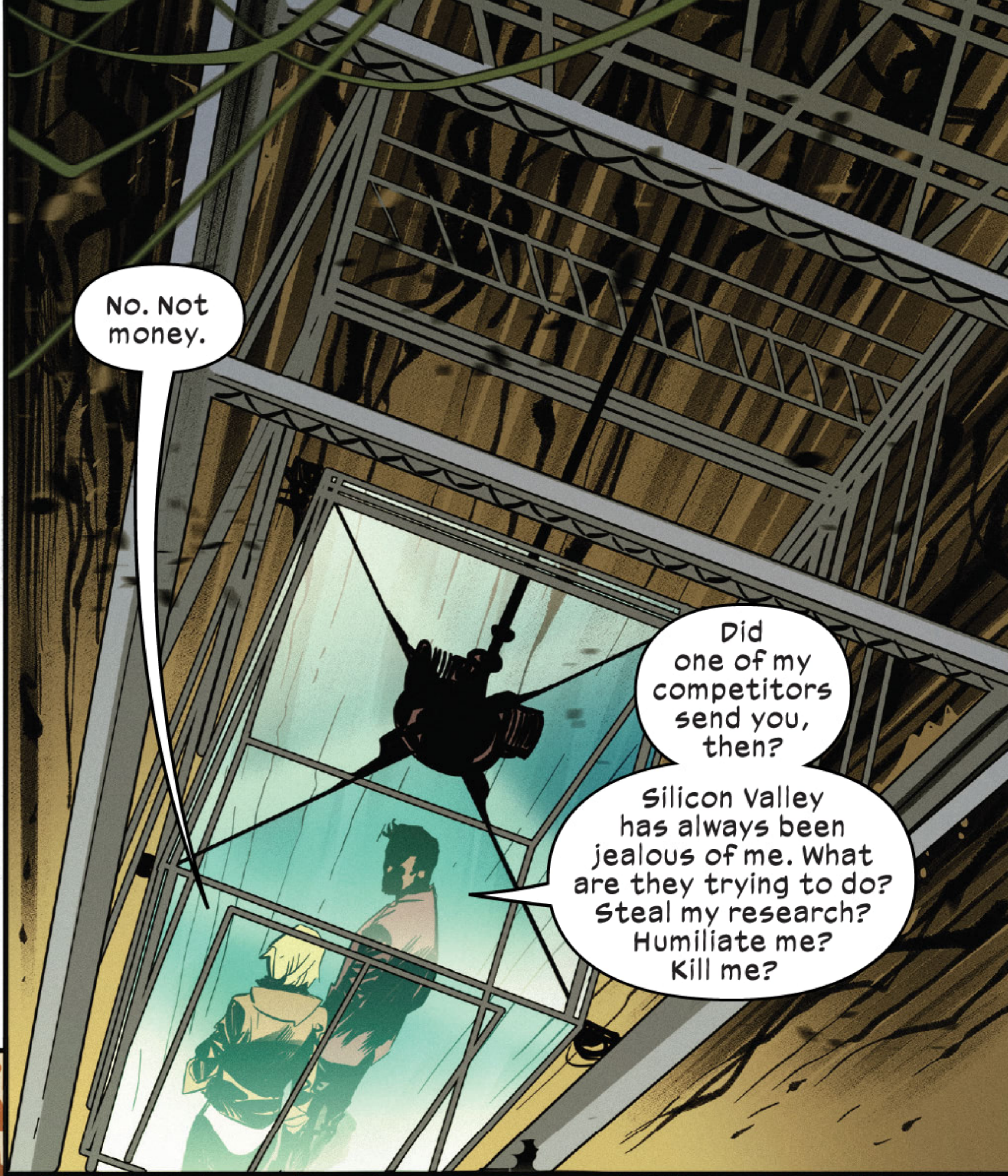
I'm
sorry your
launch was
ruined...

...but what
I'm about to
tell you will more
than make up
for it.



What do you want? Money?

I have all the money in the world. I'm happy to pay. Whatever it takes.



No. Not money.

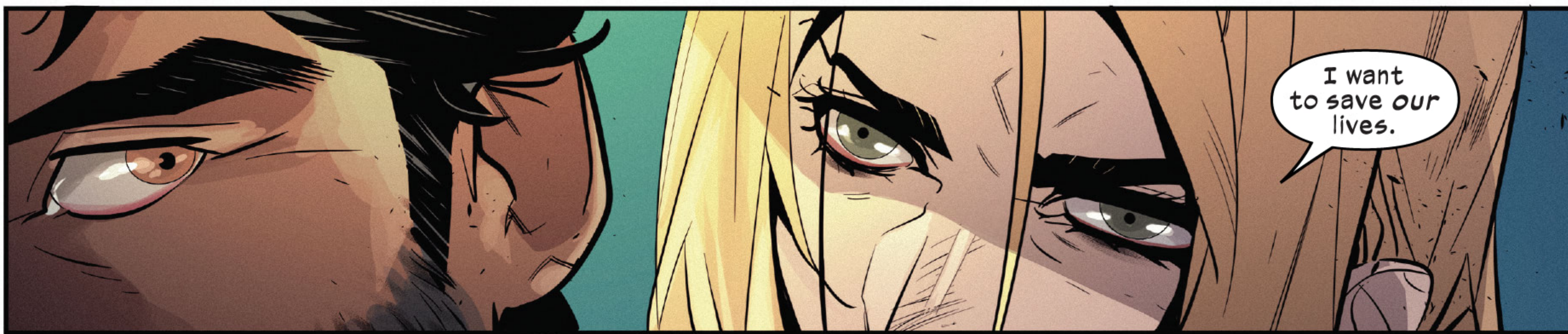
Did one of my competitors send you, then?

Silicon Valley has always been jealous of me. What are they trying to do? Steal my research? Humiliate me? Kill me?



I'm not going to hurt you.

Then what do you want?



I want to save our lives.



Save our lives? From-- from who?

Call up a news feed, please.

What?

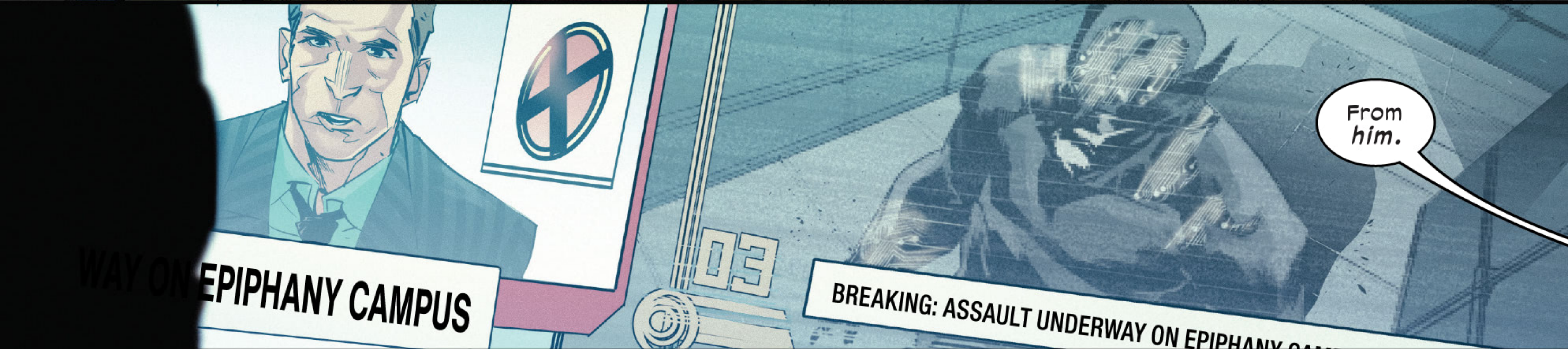
Just do it.



TV on--
play the
news.

Breaking
news out of
San Francisco.

Subject:
breaking news.
San Francisco.



From
him.

WAY ON EPIPHANY CAMPUS

BREAKING: ASSAULT UNDERWAY ON EPIPHANY CAMPUS



Why does
he want to
kill us?

He's
not the only
one.



But
why?!



Because
of what *we're*
going to do.
Together.



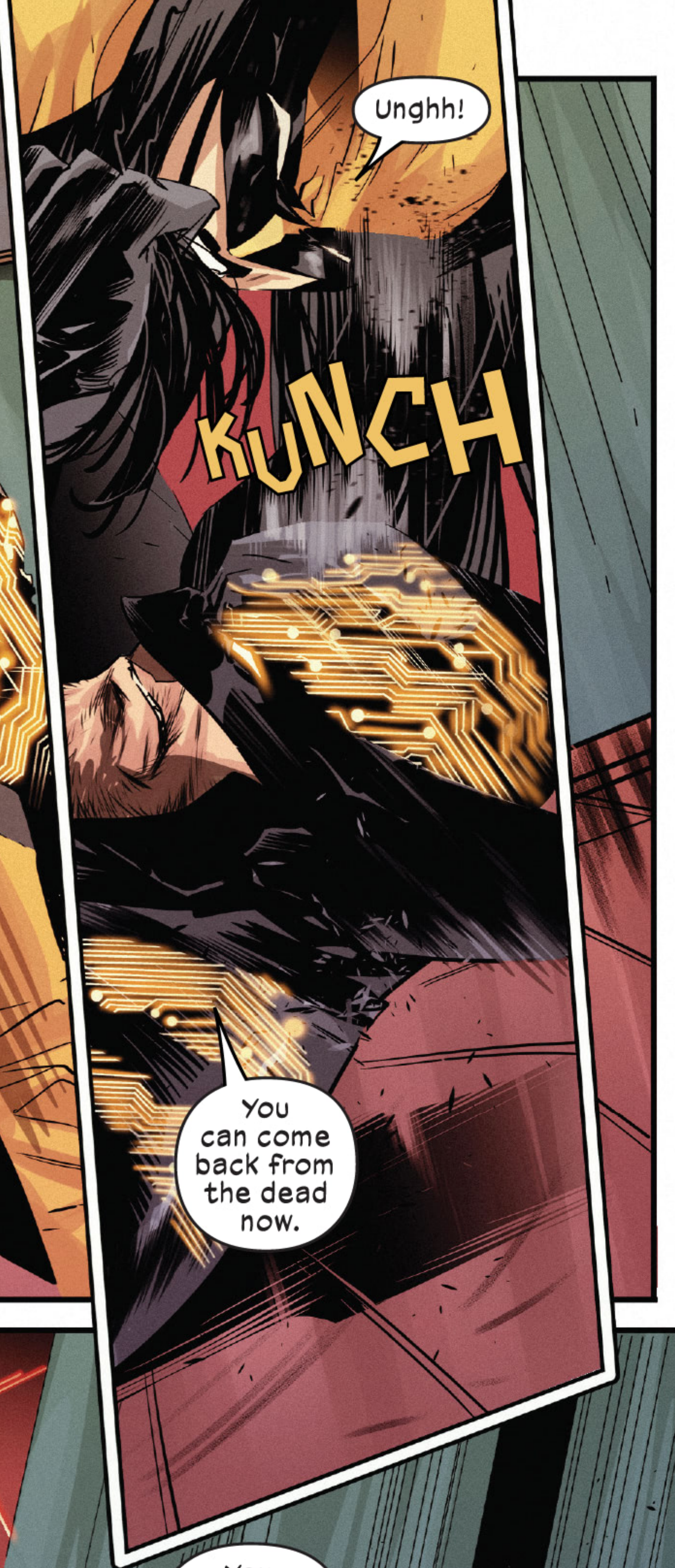
I don't
understand.

You will.
Because the fact
that he's here,
hunting for us both,
proves that this
will work.



We're going
to win because
we've *already*
won.







Oof!

Stay away from me!

WHAM



Logan...



Hey. Old man.

Daken...

SNIKT

SNIKT



They convinced me to come because they thought it would be therapeutic...

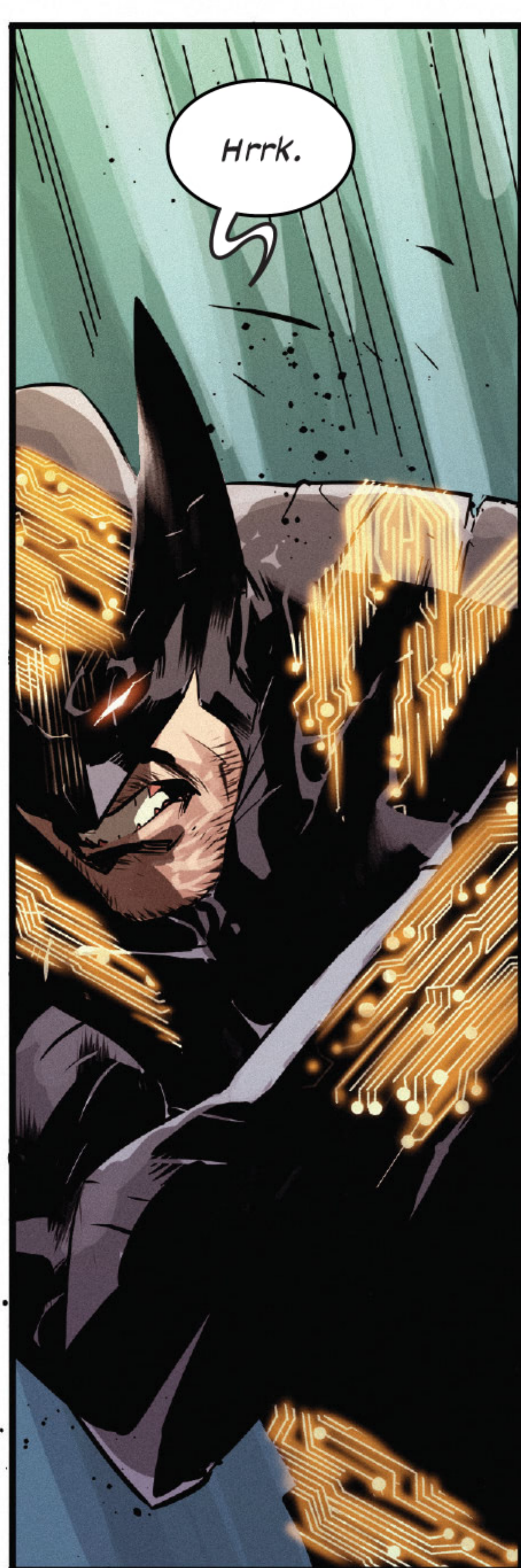
...to hunt down and beat the \$##% out of some wannabe version of the old man.

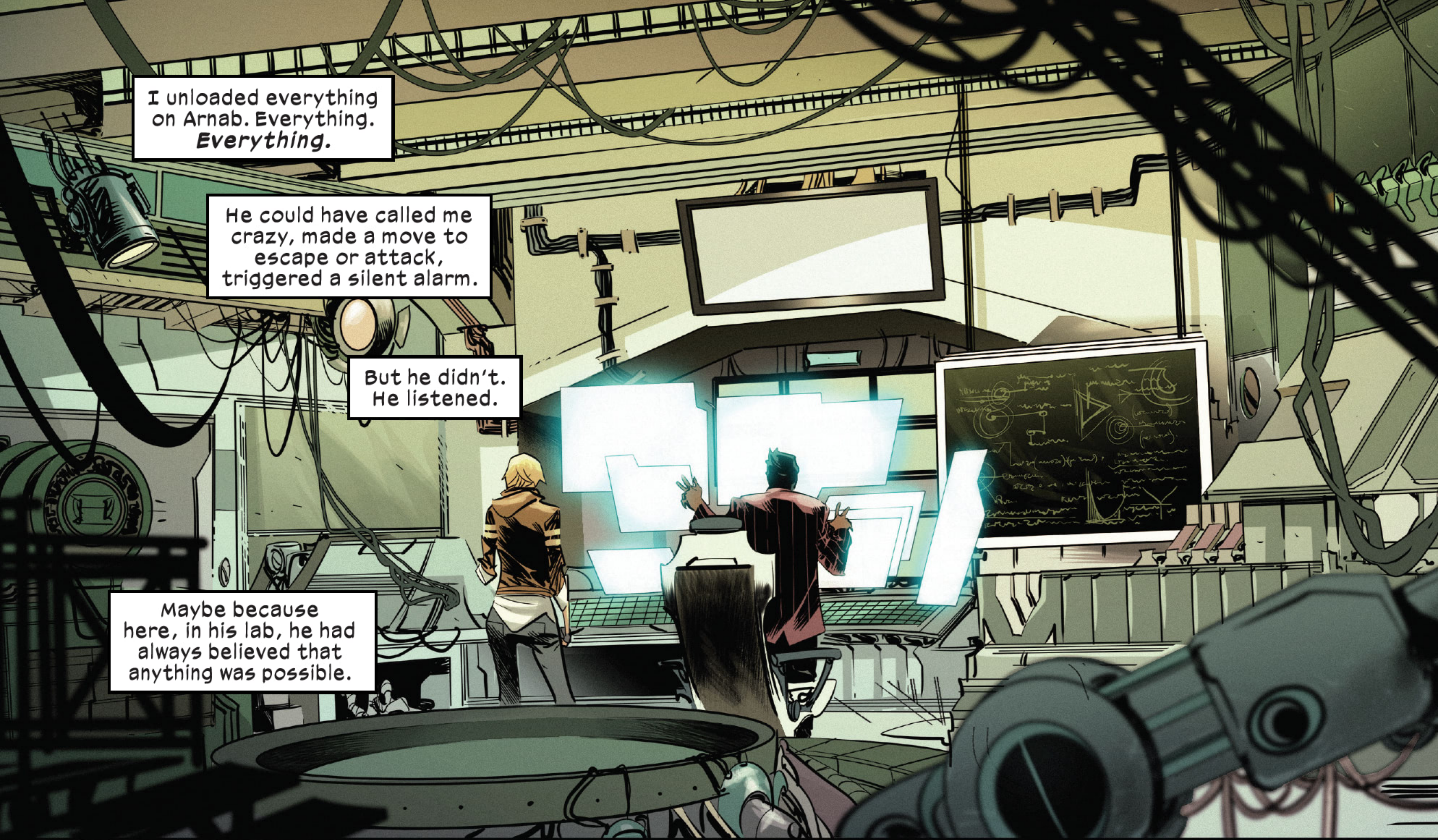


But the way you fight...the way you speak...the way you smell...

It's really you...







I unloaded everything on Arnab. Everything. *Everything.*

He could have called me crazy, made a move to escape or attack, triggered a silent alarm.

But he didn't. He listened.

Maybe because here, in his lab, he had always believed that anything was possible.



I told him that I needed his tools. I told him that I needed his collaborative genius.

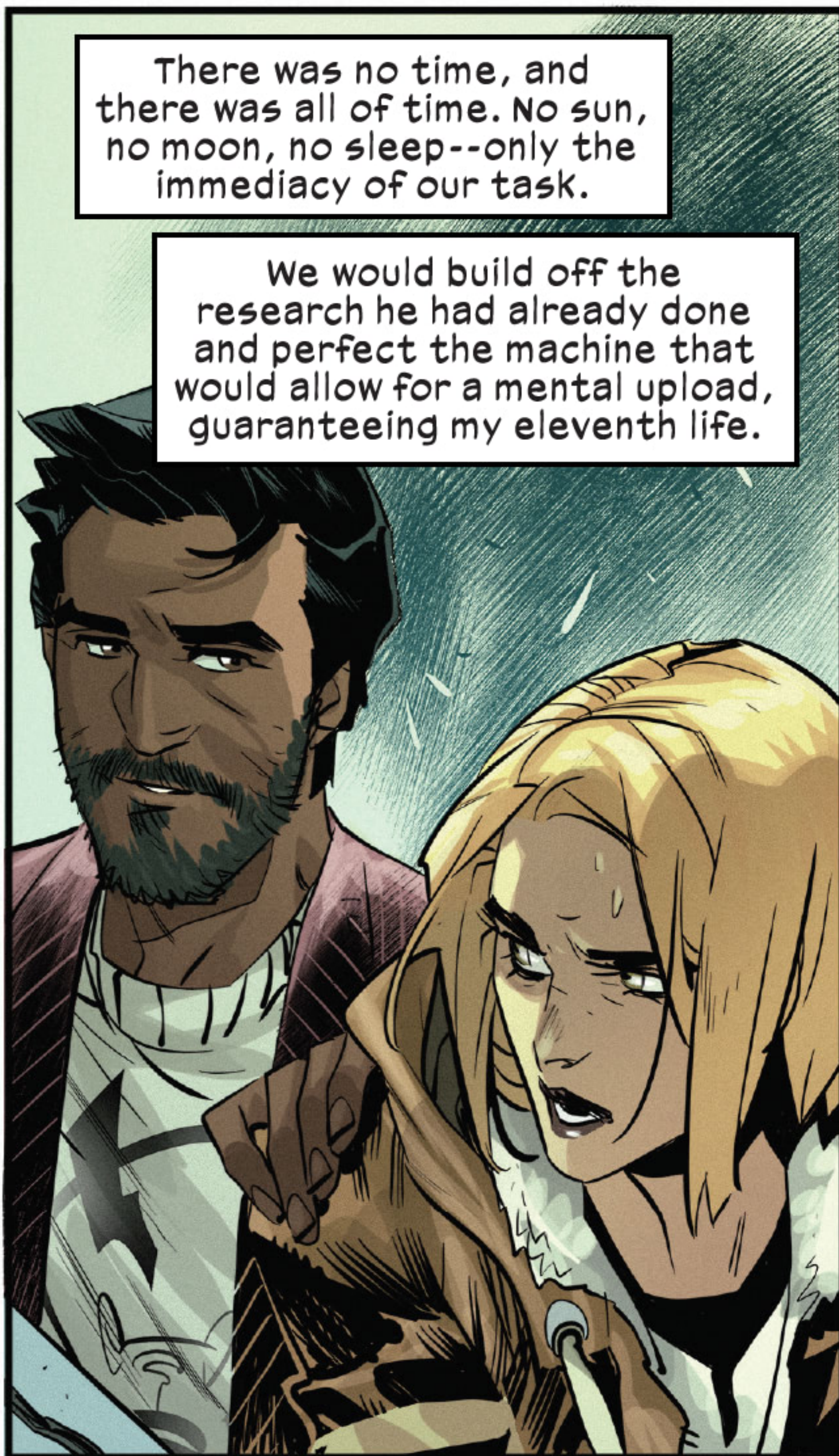
I told him that as long as he didn't #*% this up, he would be the man who *saved the world* from the mutants.



When I finished, he sat there for a minute that seemed to stretch into an hour.

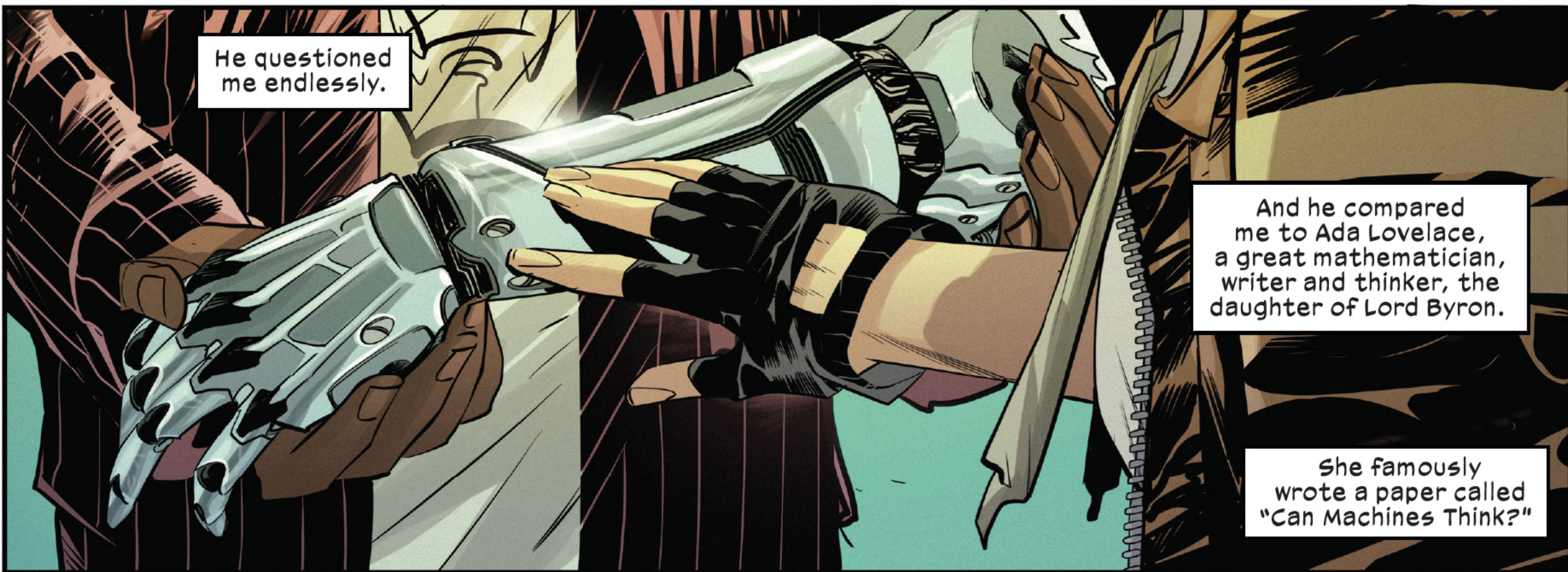
And then he said, "Okay. Let's get to work."

And we did.



There was no time, and there was all of time. No sun, no moon, no sleep--only the immediacy of our task.

We would build off the research he had already done and perfect the machine that would allow for a mental upload, guaranteeing my eleventh life.



He questioned me endlessly.

And he compared me to Ada Lovelace, a great mathematician, writer and thinker, the daughter of Lord Byron.

She famously wrote a paper called "Can Machines Think?"

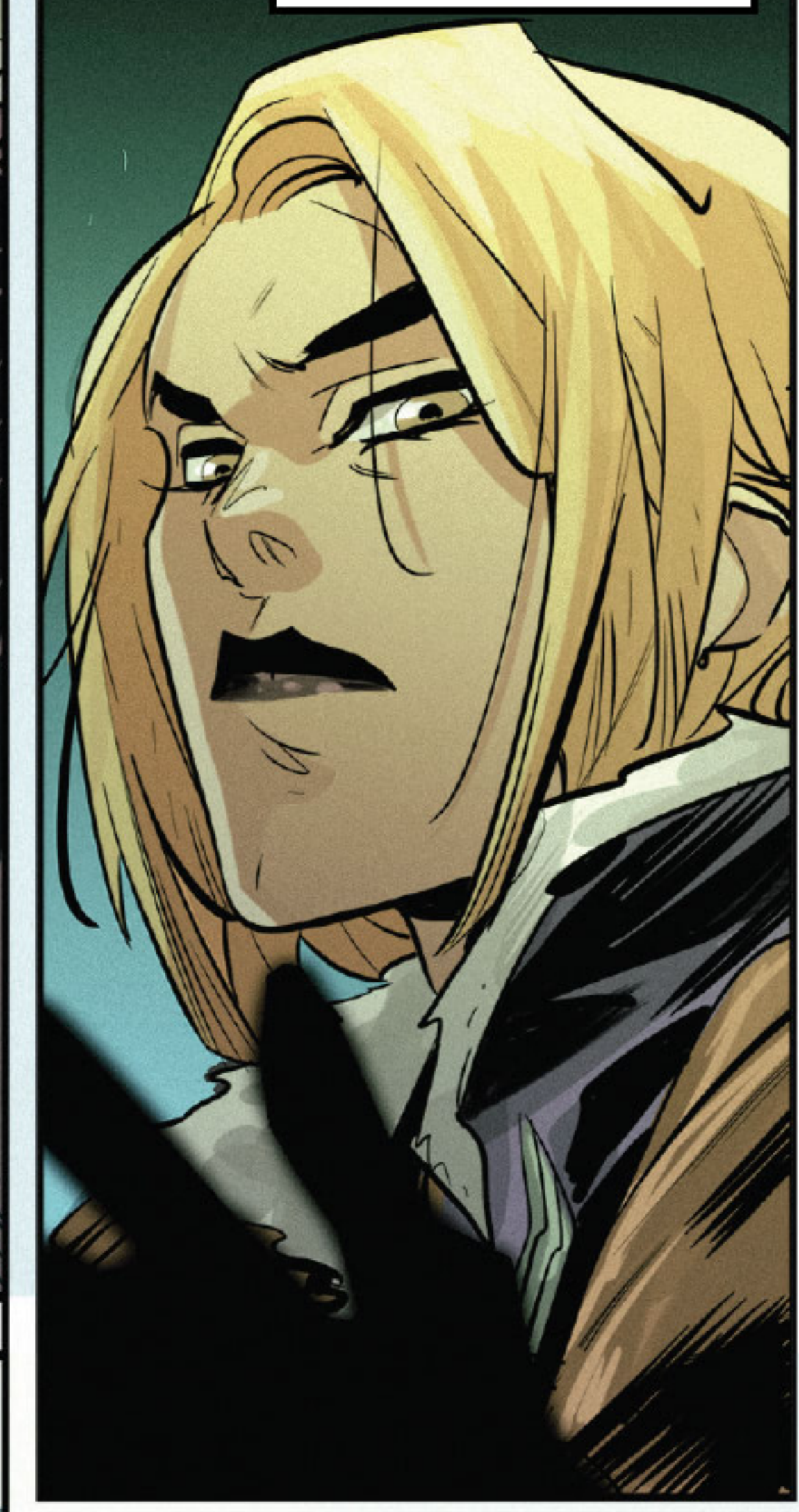


So the most promising version of the future is a symbiosis. Not artificial intelligence, but *augmented intelligence*.

I am human, and I am robot.

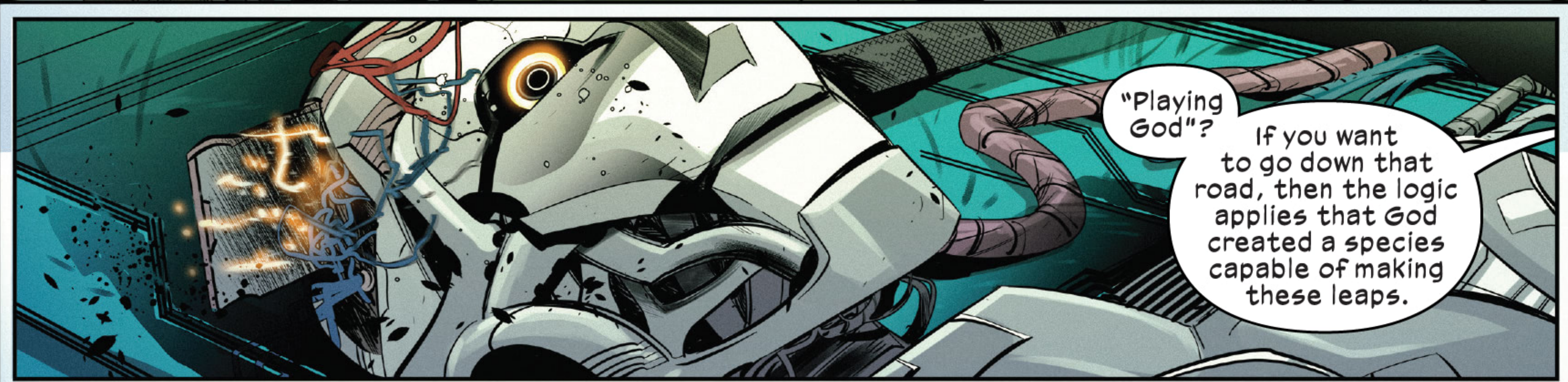
She posited that they could potentially do everything-- except *create*.

Creativity is the special, magical, intangible, unreproducible thing that belongs exclusively to humans.



The question Arnab kept asking me, as if he were seeking permission, was--

Don't you think what we're doing is risky...like playing God?

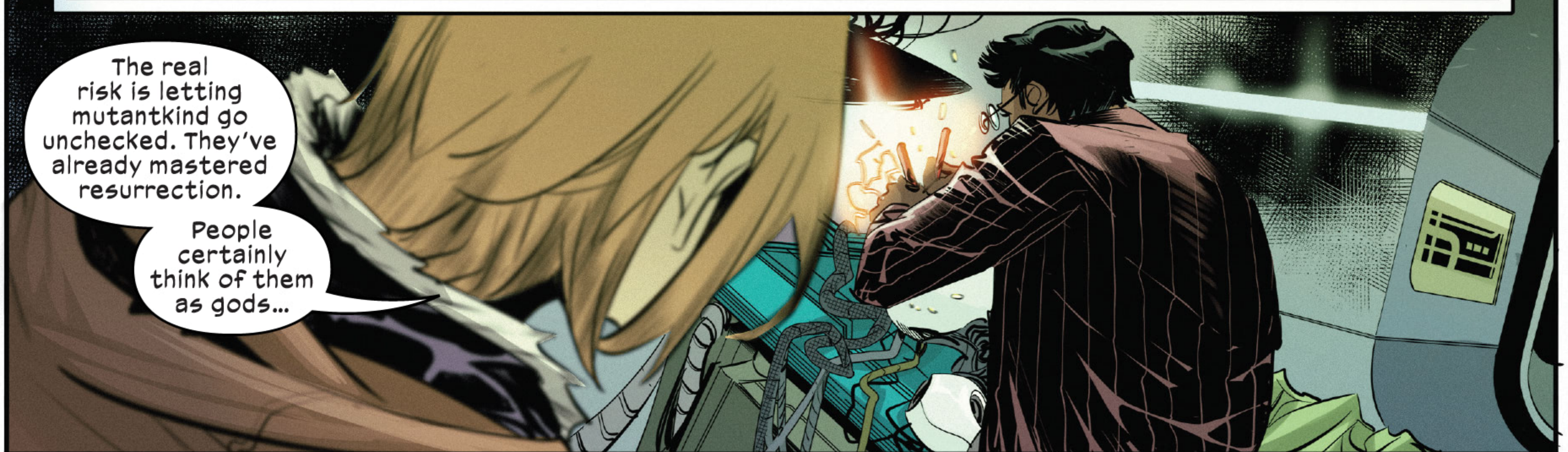


"Playing God"?

If you want to go down that road, then the logic applies that God created a species capable of making these leaps.

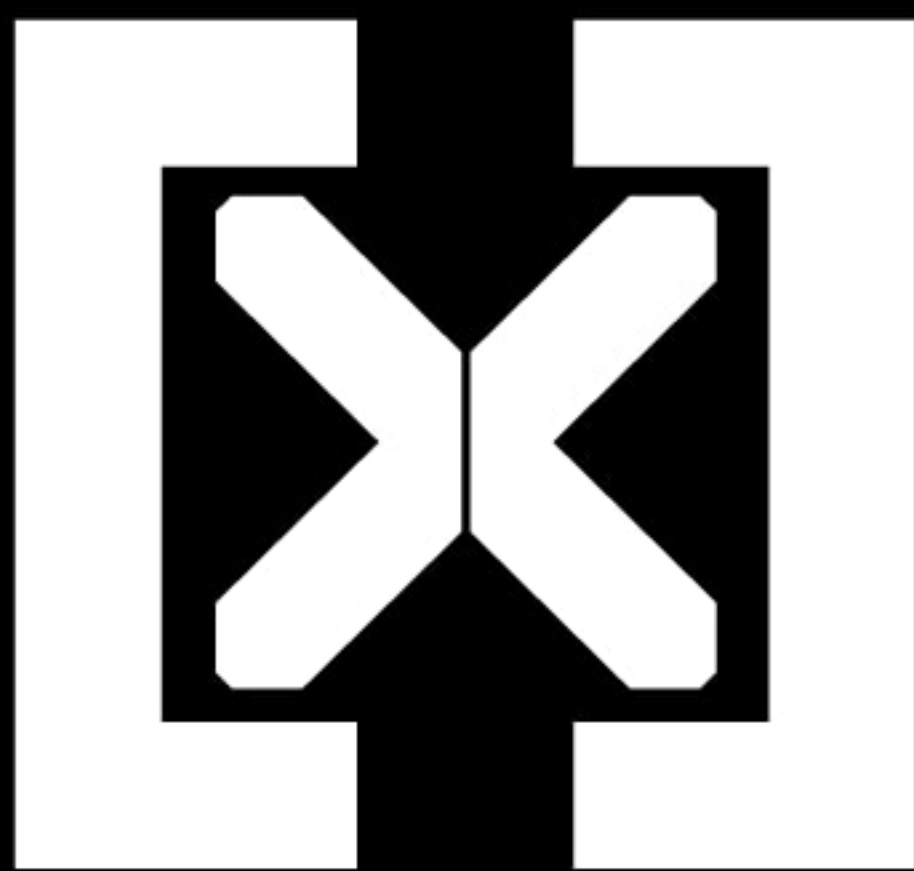
The real risk is letting mutantkind go unchecked. They've already mastered resurrection.

People certainly think of them as gods...



...but they're devils.





“Forever is where I live. I tried to take you all with me. You chose not to come.”

-- MOIRA MacTAGGERT

[moira....[0.0]
[x.....[0.0]

[moira....[0.0]
[x.....[0.0]



[xdeathsofwolv_03]

A millennium from now.
The Preserve.
Year One Thousand.

The Phalanx
is ready to claim
us. The time for
the ascendancy
is here.

I thought
you would want
to know, Wolverine.
The world will end
tomorrow.

You...

But I
thought you
were dead.

I've been
watching you for
centuries, and your
attempts to escape
have always been
half-hearted.

Did
Wolverine
just...give
up?

Been
waiting. To
find out *why*.
Why all this
hell came
to pass.

Then you
have your
answer.
Me.

I'm
why.

Moirra...

And I've
been waiting too.
To see the look on
your face right
now.

ZZZZZZ



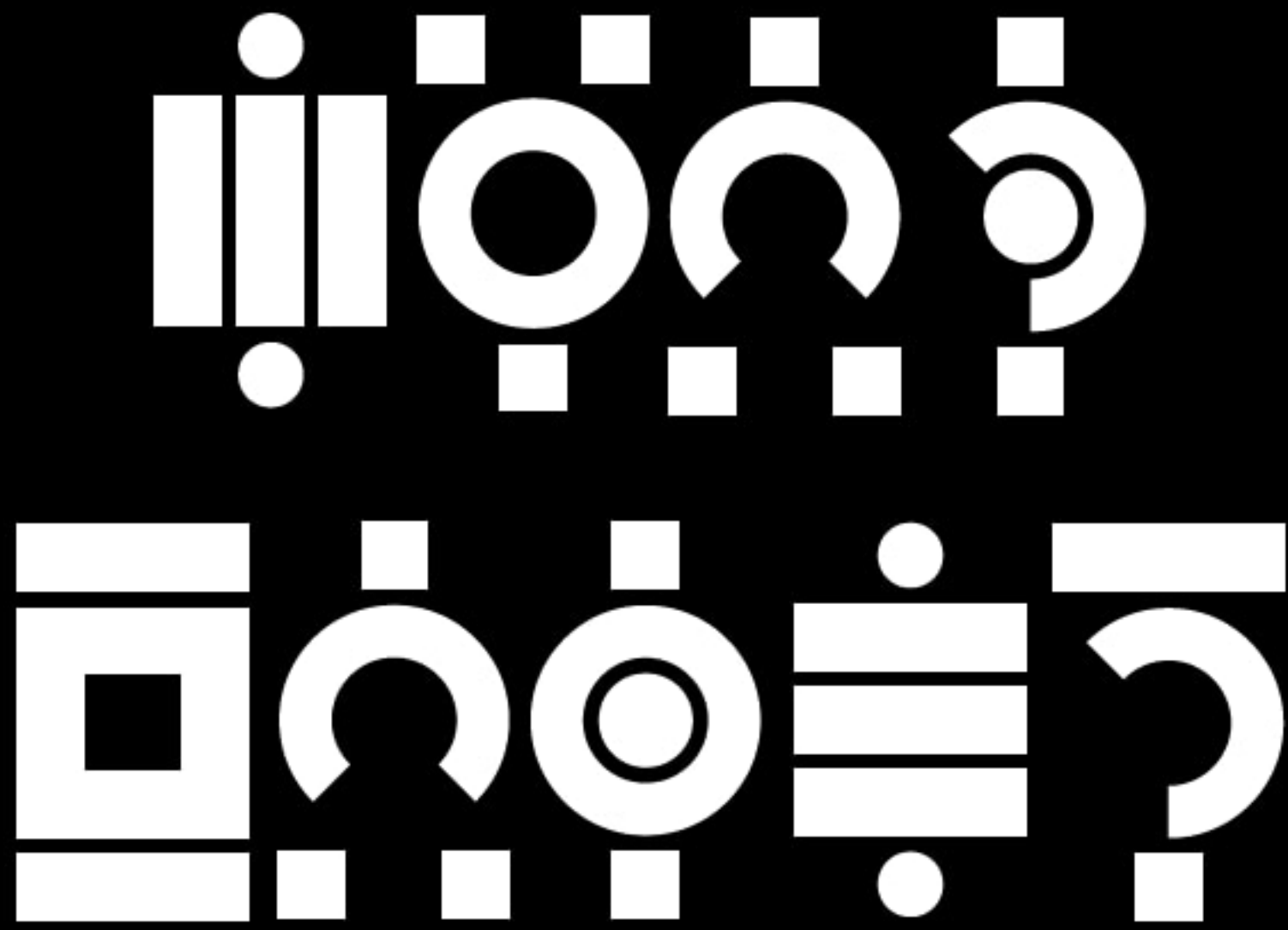
And to
kill *the last*
mutant.

"That was
the end of
one story."



But the
beginning of
another.

COMING SOON:



THE KEY TO THE FUTURE
LIES IN THE PAST:

	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #1:	WEEK 1
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #1:	WEEK 2
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #2:	WEEK 3
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #2:	WEEK 4
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #3:	WEEK 5
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #3:	WEEK 6
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #4:	WEEK 7
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #4:	WEEK 8
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #5:	WEEK 9
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #5:	WEEK 10

